

HOW TRAMPS TRAVEL.

Observations of a Writer Who Joined the Vagabond Fraternity.

The November Century contains a unique article entitled "Tramping with Tramps," being the record of the actual adventures of a young American who disguised himself as a tramp and took to the road. The following is an extract from the article:

Of the States in the western district, I think that Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and a part of California are the best for tramps. Illinois is thought especially well of by vagabonds because of its "good" railroads. The Illinois Central, for instance, is known the country over as the best for a journey South, and I have known tramps to travel from New York City to Chicago and go South by this line rather than start from New York direct for New Orleans. The C. B. & Q. is also a great "snag"; in fact, so much so that, when I was on the road, it was called "the bums' line." In Nebraska, where the Q. becomes the B. & M. R., the lines are more tightly drawn, and it behooves a roadster to take the trucks if he is anxious to make good time.

Truck riding is necessary almost everywhere west of the Mississippi. Of course one can "fool around" freight trains, but he is liable to be knocked off when the train is at full speed, and unless this occurs on the desert, or where the ground is rather soft, it may prove dangerous. I once attempted to ride a "freight" on the Southern Pacific Road, and it was the hardest experience I ever encountered. I hung on to the side of a cattle car in order to keep out of the brakeman's way, but he eventually found me and ordered me to get up on top. There I was made to turn my pockets inside out to convince him that I had no money. Being angered that I could not give him a dime, he said: "Well, hit the gravel! I can't carry you on this train." I told him that I would never hit the gravel unless he stopped the train. "You won't, eh?" he said; "well, now, we'll see." So he chased me over his train about fifteen miles. I dodged here and there, and found that I was quite able to elude him as long as he alone followed me; but soon the "Con." appeared, and then the chase began in earnest. They finally pressed so near that I was compelled to climb down the side of a cattle car. They tantalized me by spitting and swearing. Finally the "Con." climbed down also, and stepped on my fingers, so I had to let go. Fortunately, the train was slackening its speed just then—I really think the engineer had a hand in the matter, for he is usually a good fellow—and I got off safely enough. But I had to "drill" twenty miles that afternoon without a bite to eat or a drink of water. In the far West after that experience I always made use of the trucks.

The usual time for Eastern and Western tramps to start South is in October. During this month large squads of vagabonds will be found travelling towards "Orleans." I once was on an Illinois Central freight train when seventy-three tramps were fellow-passengers, and nearly every one was bound for either Florida or Louisiana.

A Theorist Who Failed.
There recently died in New Jersey, at the age of seventy-three, a theorist who had spent all his fortune, which at one time was considerable, and all his life in a vain attempt to solve the problem of extracting the silver which lies in solution in the sea from the salt water which holds it. He lived down on the coast in a cottage which he built years ago, and on every side were constructed sluices, runways, washes and the various appliances with which he was experimenting. The interior of the cottage resembled the apartments of a medieval alchemist rather than that of a nineteenth century house by the sea. It was fitted with retorts, phials, crucibles, and in the corner was a diminutive furnace. Some ten years ago he was joined in his labors by a young woman about eighteen. She attended him up to the day of his burial, but since that time she has disappeared and no trace of her can be found. The cottage is dilapidated, and no heirs have claimed it, nor has any paper been found to indicate the name or origin of its strange occupants.—Philadelphia Record.

The Art of Spelling.
Some person of inquiring mind has figured it out that bad spelling is simply a defect of eyesight. According to his notion the man or woman who had perfect eyesight when learning to read grasped the correct position of every letter and so learned to spell faultlessly. The nearsighted child, on the other hand, could only grasp the idea conveyed by each word and not its component parts. This is ingenious, but not strictly correct. If it were, the blind child would be unable to spell at all, while the deaf mute, whose eyesight is abnormally sharp, should never make an orthographic mistake. Both of these suppositions are false, as every one knows. The man who is unable to spell will have to find some better excuse than this, as the defect will still be charged to loose mental habits and want of method in educated minds, and to positive ignorance in others.—Kansas City Times.

Antiquarian Treasures.
Recent excavations near Bologna have unearthed ancient tombs containing many pottery vases and a wealth of bronzes—pins, knives, razors, horse bits, buckets and boxes. The most uncommon find is a small chariot of bronze, which has been mounted in the museum of Bologna. In the Etruscan tombs of Cerveteri other excavators have found stores of cups called bucchieri, one of which has zones of animals stamped on its sides. Some are covered with gold leaf. Parts of two exquisite gold bracelets with pendants of human heads and figures in embossed gold leaf are in this find, together with a necklace of seventy hollow beads, ribbed and with thirty gold pendants in the shape of busts of women with breast plates attached. These and other objects will be placed in the museum at Florence.

They were Rather Small.
The young men were showing, with a good deal of pride, the results of their fishing expedition. "My friend," said a young woman, "fish go in schools, do they not?" "I believe so; but why do you ask?" "Because if they do I am willing to wager a box of gloves that you have broken up an infant class."—Washington Star.

A RIVAL FOR NEW ENGLAND.

Codfish Can be Caught in Behring Sea at a Good Profit.

The New England cod-fishing industry is threatened with competition on the Pacific coast. Dried fish is already being shipped by the carload over a transcontinental railroad to New York, and thence to the West Indian and South American markets. A reduction of 30 per cent. in rates has made this enterprise profitable. A Puget Sound packer of the fish, being asked what were the prospects of taking away the market from New England, said: "Cod can be caught in Behring Sea, brought to the Sound, and dried or cured for one cent a pound less than on the New England coast, and at the present rates we can compete with the New England fisheries right in their own territory. So far this year I have shipped two carloads, twenty tons, of dried cod to New York, where they are sold to brokers for shipment to the West Indies and South America, and the business can be done at a good profit. I have had a schooner in Behring Sea this summer catching cod, and have put up 150 tons so far. Dried fish are the only kind suitable for hot countries, and they are put up in drums or casks holding from 250 to 400 pounds. Cured fish are sold almost entirely in the United States. We should be able to work up a market in Hawaii and Australia, for there are no cod south of the equator, also on the west coast of South America. As fast as the fish are caught they are cleaned and salted on board the ship and stowed away until there is a full cargo. Then they are brought to the drying and curing works, dried in the sun and tied up in bundles for shipment. The pickled-cod fish are soaked in tanks of brine for a month or so. I have been using Carman Island salt from the Gulf of California, as it is the best on the coast and does not discolor the fish. A similar business might be worked up in shipping smoked halibut East. Gloucester, Mass., now controls the trade, but fish are more abundant on this coast and can be caught and smoked more cheaply."

Honor to a Noble Steer.
If the words of the scoffer who said "The first citizen of Kentucky is a horse" were wholly true, the flags on our public buildings would be at half mast to-day. For Longfellow is dead. The news will set many men to dreaming. They will recall the days of more than twenty years ago, when uncouth John Harper's big brown colt was the pride of the West. They will remember how the rising fame of a younger rival caused Longfellow's owner to break his resolve that the victor over the greatest racer of the East should run no more, and will see with memory's eyes the car travelling from Kentucky to the seaboard bearing the legend, "Longfellow goes to meet his friend Harry Bassett." The famous race brought defeat to Longfellow, but with it such glory as no other horse ever gained from victory. The superb courage he showed when, crippled past all remedy, he raced to the end and almost won, may explain the love for the thoroughbred that lies deep in the heart of every true Kentuckian.

That love beyond a doubt exists. It may not be moved by the pigmy struggles of to-day. But let giants like Longfellow meet in battle, and once more nerves will tingle, and across the blue grass will ring out cheers that come from the very soul. The days of Longfellow were the brightest of American racing. The turf and trickery were not then correlative terms. Honor as well as money was the aim. Longfellow, in all his races, won less than undeveloped colts now receive for a few seconds' scamper, but he gained what none of these can do—fame that will not die as long as horses and men exist. To his descendants he has imparted his own great qualities, and there was not much exaggeration in the paraphrase praising him as "first as a race horse, first as a sire, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Let no one ridicule Kentuckians for honoring a horse. Remember that he once stood for Kentucky against all comers. Nor will he be forgotten now that the third size of old John Harper's monument will be filled, and under the blue grass three will lie together—Harper, Ten Brouck and Longfellow.—Courier-Journal.

Rothschild's Colonies in Palestine.
Baron Edmond de Rothschild, whose presence at Constantinople has been of material advantage to his colonists in Palestine, has bought a large tract of pasture land, the personal property of the Sultan, near the Jordan. He intends to found there a large Jewish colony. Life and property in that region have been much more secure within the last fifteen years than formerly owing to the important military station established there by the government, which has also constructed a bridge over the Jordan to facilitate communication between Jerusalem and the valleys on the other side of that river, whence the Holy City obtains most of its cereals. An iron bridge is now being built near Sarcena, on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and the road between the former town and Jerusalem has been improved.

The Shopper.
"There is a thinker over there," said a dry goods clerk the other day, as he pointed to a comfortable and fleshy-looking matron who was watching another clerk juggle boxes down from a shelf. "I hope she will not come over here, for I know what it will mean." Squibs, who was not particularly impressed with the customer's appearance as an intellectual looking woman, ventured to ask what a thinker was. "Why," replied the clerk, smiling, "she's one of those women who, unfortunately, are frequent visitors, and who, after we have shown them every conceivable pattern we've got, end by saying, 'I guess I'll think it over before deciding.' I always feel like telling them to guess again, for I know what that means—it means that it is a ten to one shot that she don't want the goods. I don't mind working for my salary, but I hate to take gymnastic exercise for these people, and I always steer clear of thinkers."—Philadelphia Call.

A Noble End.
"My friend," said the solemn old gentleman, "to what end has your life-work been directed?" "To the head end," murmured the barber, and then silence fairly poured. It didn't merely reign.—Indianapolis Journal.

TEN MILES ABOVE EARTH.

Interesting Experiments at the Highest Point a Balloon Ever Reached.

One of the most interesting experiments with balloons that has ever been undertaken was that of Messrs. Hermite and Besancon at Paris-Vaugirard. They succeeded in sending a balloon to the unprecedented elevation of 16,000 metres, or about 10 miles. There were no people in the balloon, but it carried a variety of self-registering instruments designed to record the temperature, the atmospheric pressure, etc. The little balloon was started on its lofty trip about noon, when the air was remarkably still and clear. It rose rapidly, and in three-quarters of an hour had attained an elevation of 10 miles, at which height it remained for several hours.

It was there subjected to an atmospheric pressure only about one-eighth as great as that at the surface of the earth, and M. Hermite explains its floating for so long a time at a constant height by supposing that the temperature does not vary sensibly with the elevation of the floating body after the latter has attained an altitude where seven-eighths of the atmospheric pressure is lacking and where there remains no trace of water vapor.

But towards 6 o'clock, when, with the decline of day, the temperature began rapidly to fall, the balloon started back towards the earth, arriving with a gentle motion which did not disturb the instruments it carried, at 7:11 at Chavrus, near Paris-Vaugirard, from which it had started.

The balloon was visible with a telescope during the entire time. It shone like the planet Venus seen by day. By means of a micrometer attached to an astronomical telescope the apparent diameter of the balloon could easily have been measured, and this would have furnished a means of calculating its altitude independent of the record of the barometer which it carried.

The barometer and thermometer were furnished with automatic pens driven by clockwork, by means of which diagrams of the changes of pressure and temperature that the balloon experienced were obtained. At the height of about 7 1/2 miles the thermometer marked a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. Then the ink in the registering pens of both the thermometer and the barometer became frozen and the records were interrupted.

But as the balloon continued to rise, the ink thawed again, and at the ten-mile level the automatic records were renewed. The temperature registered there was only about 6 degrees below zero. The increase of temperature is ascribed to the effect of the unclouded sun heating the air in the basket that contained the instruments. The lowest record of the barometer was 103 millimetres, or a trifle more than four inches.

M. Hermite calls attention to the fact that the density of the air at the height of ten miles, where the balloon remained during most of the afternoon, is less than that existing upon the plains of the moon, on the assumption that the atmospheric density on the moon is proportional to the force of gravity at the surface of that orb.

If this is correct, then the instruments would have behaved about the same if M. Hermite had been able to place them on the moon as they did when he sent them only ten miles above the earth.—Youth's Companion.

A Big African Diamond.
Big diamonds from South Africa have long ceased to be an interesting item of news. But the very biggest of all still claims a note. It has been found at Jagersfontein, "Hunter's Spring," and it weighs 970 carats. We may say confidently that this is the largest diamond of which indisputable record is preserved. Both the Kohinoor and the Pitt are said to have been bigger in the rough. Tradition declares, indeed, that the former weighed 1,333 carats, but since that tradition refers to the date of the Mahabharata, say 3000 B. C., its value depends mainly in faith. The first categorical statement about it is the reference of Akbar in his autobiography. He observes that the stone weighed 144 carats when he possessed it—an obvious error, seeing that it weighed 185 when surrendered to her Majesty. However, experts admit that the Kohinoor could not have been less than 1,000 carats when found, if of perfect shape, as is alleged. The South African trophy comes near it. But no such raving joy and marvel as convulsed the realm of Golconda in heroic times broke the quiet of Jagersfontein. The finder himself, if an old hand, would gladly have taken half the weight in stones of a reasonable size. What on earth can you do in these days with a diamond as big as a duck's egg? You cannot even exhibit it with a fair profit, for the cost of insurance more than balances the very qualified enthusiasm of the public. Saving the chance of finding a demented millionaire to buy, it will be wisest to cut the monster into pieces.—London Standard.

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Shoulder " "	.12 1/2
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Vinegar, per qt.	.08
Dried apples per lb.	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.15
Raspberries	.18
Cow Hides per lb.	.03
Steer " "	.05
Calf Skin	.40 to .50
Sheep pelts	.90
Shelled corn per bus.	.70
Corn meal, cwt.	2.00
Bran, " "	1.25
Chop " "	1.25
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